

SELECT PORTIONS
OF THE
P S A L M S,
CHIEFLY FROM THE
NEW VERSION;
WITH SEVERAL
HYMNS,
FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

IN USE AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, READING.

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 PSALMS.

PSALM I.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
 By ill advice to walk;
 Nor stands in sinners way, nor sits
 Where men profanely talk.
 But makes the perfect law of God
 His bus'ness and delight;
 Devoutly reads therein by day,
 And meditates by night.
 Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,
 With timely fruit does bend;
 He still shall flourish, and success
 All his designs attend.
 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
 No lasting root shall find:
 Untimely blasted, and dispers'd
 Like chaff before the wind.
 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb,
 Before their judge's face;
 No formal hypocrite shall then
 Among the saints have place.

For God approves the just man's ways ;
 To happiness they tend ;
 But sinners, and the paths they tread,
 Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II.

ATTEND, O earth, while I declare
 God's uncontroul'd decree ;
 " Thou art my Son, this day my heir
 " Have I begotten thee."

Learn then, ye princes, and give ear
 Ye judges of the earth ;
 Worship the Lord with holy fear,
 Rejoice with awful mirth.

Appease the Son with due respect,
 Your timely homage pay ;
 Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
 Incens'd by your delay.

If but in part his anger rise,
 Who can endure the flame ?
 Then blest are they whose hope relies
 On his most holy name.

PSALM V.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint ;
 Accept my secret pray'r ;
 To thee alone, my King my God,
 Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
 And with the dawning day
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,
 To thee devoutly pray.

And

And when thy boundless grace shall me
 To thy lov'd courts restore,
 On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
 And humbly there adore.

Conduct me by the righteous laws,
 For watchful is my foe :
 Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
 Wherein I ought to go.

To righteous men, the righteous Lord,
 His blessing will extend ;
 And with his favour all his saints,
 As with a shield defend.

PSALM VIII.

O Thou, to whom all creatures bow,
 Within this earthly frame !
 Thro' all the world how great art thou !
 How glorious is thy name !

In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there ;
 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight,
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light.

What's man (say I) that Lord thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind ?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To them so wondrous kind.

Him

Him next in pow'r thou did'st create
 To thy celestial train ;
 Ordain'd with dignity and state,
 O'er all thy works to reign.

PSALM IX.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare :
 To all the list'ning world thy works,
 Thy wondrous works declare.
 The thought of them shall to my soul
 Exalted pleasure bring ;
 Whilst to thy name, O thou most high,
 Triumphant praise I sing.
 The Lord for ever lives, who has
 His righteous throne prepar'd,
 Impartial justice to dispense,
 To punish, or reward.
 Sing praises therefore to the Lord ;
 From Sion, his abode,
 Proclaim his deeds, 'till all the world
 Confess no other God.

PSALM XI.

SINCE I have plac'd my trust in God,
 A refuge always nigh,
 Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,
 To distant mountains fly ?
 When once the firm assurance fails,
 Which public faith imparts,
 'Tis time for innocence to fly
 From such deceitful arts.

The Lord hath both a temple here,
 And righteous throne above;
 Where he surveys the sons of men,
 And how their councils move.

The righteous Lord will righteous deeds,
 With signal favours grace;
 And to the upright man disclose
 The brightness of his face.

PSALM XV.

LORD, who's the happy man that may
 To thy blest court repair?
 Not stranger-like, to visit them,
 But to inhabit there?

'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
 By rules of virtue moves;
 Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.

Who to his plighted vows and trust
 Has ever firmly stood;
 And tho' he promise to his loss,
 He makes his promise good.

Whose soul in usury disdains
 His treasure to employ;
 Whom no rewards can ever bribe
 The guiltless to destroy.

The man, who by his steady course
 Has happiness ensur'd,
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand
 By Providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI.

I Strive each action to approve
 To his all seeing eye :
 No danger shall my hopes remove,
 Because he still is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies ;
 My glory does rejoice :
 My flesh shall rest, in hopes to rise,
 Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
 My soul from hell shalt free ;
 Nor let thy holy one in death
 The least corruption see.

Thou shalt the paths of life display,
 Which to thy presence lead ;
 Where pleasures dwell without allay,
 And joys that never fade.

PSALM XIX.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
 Which that alone can fill ;
 The firmament and stars express
 Their great Creator's skill.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
 And bring sincere delight :
 His pure commands in search of truth,
 Assist the feeblest fight.

But what frail man observes how oft
 He does from virtue fall ?
 O cleanse me from my secret faults,
 Thou God, that know'st them all !

Let

Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord !
 Dominion have o'er me :
 That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may
 The great transgression flee.
 So shall my pray'r and praises be
 With thy acceptance blest ;
 And I secure in thy defence,
 My strength and Saviour rest.

PSALM XX.

TO thy salvation, Lord, for aid
 We chearfully repair,
 With banners in thy name display'd,
 The Lord accept our pray'r.
 Our hopes are fix'd that now the Lord
 Our lov'reign will defend ;
 From heav'n resistless aid afford,
 And to his pray'r attend.
 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
 Our rightful cause to bless :
 Hear, King of heav'n, in times of need,
 The pray'rs that we address.

PSALM XXII.

THUS in thy sacred courts will I
 My chearful thanks express ;
 In presence of thy saints perform
 The vows of my distress.
 The meek companions of my grief
 Shall find my table spread ;
 And all that seek the Lord shall be
 With joys immortal fed.

Then

Then shall the glad converted world
 To God their homage pay ;
 And scatter'd nations of the earth
 One sov'reign Lord obey.

The rich, who are with plenty fed,
 His bounty must confess :
 The sons of want by him reliev'd,
 Their gen'rous patron bless.

With humble worship to his throne
 They all for aid resort :
 That pow'r, which first their beings gave,
 Can only them support.

Then shall a chosen spotless race,
 Devoted to his name,
 To their admiring heirs his truth,
 And glorious acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
 Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
 The shepherd by whose constant care
 My wants are all supply'd.

In tender grass he makes me feed,
 And gently there repose ;
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where
 Refreshing water flows.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
 And to his endless praise,
 Instruct with humble zeal to walk,
 In his most righteous ways.

I pass

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
 From fear and danger free ;
 For there his aiding rod and staff
 Defend and comfort me.

In presence of my spiteful foes,
 He does my table spread :
 He crowns my cup with chearful wine,
 With oil anoints my head.

Since God doth thus his wond'rous love
 Thro' all my life extend,
 That life to him I will devote,
 And in his temple spend.

PSALM XXIV.

LIFT up your heads, eternal gates ;
 Unfold, to entertain
 The King of Glory : see ! he comes,
 With his celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory ? Who !
 The Lord for strength renown'd :
 In battle mighty ; o'er his foes
 Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates unfold
 In state, to entertain
 The King of Glory : see ! he comes,
 With all his shining train.

Who is the King of Glory ? Who !
 The Lord of Hosts renown'd :
 Of glory, he alone is King,
 Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

TO God, in whom I trust,
 I lift my heart and voice :
O ! let me not be put to shame,
 Nor let my foes rejoice.
 Those who on thee rely,
 Let no disgrace attend :
 Be that the shameful lot of such
 Who wilfully offend.
 To me thy truth impart,
 And lead me in thy way :
 For thou art he that brings me help ;
 On thee I wait all day.
 Thy mercies and thy love,
 O Lord recall to mind ;
 And graciously continue still
 As thou wert ever kind.
 Let all my youthful crimes
 Be blotted out by thee ;
 And for thy wond'rous goodness sake,
 In mercy think on me.
 His mercy and his truth
 The righteous Lord displays,
 In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
 And teaching them his ways.
 He those in justice guides,
 Who his direction seek ;
 And in his sacred paths shall lead
 The humble and the meek.
 Thro' all the ways of God
 Both truth and mercy shine,
 To such as with religious hearts,
 To his blest will incline.

PSALM XXXIII.

LET all the just to God, with joy,
 Their chearful voices raise ;
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.
 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
 In joyful concert meet ;
 And new-made songs of loud applause
 The harmony compleat.
 For faithful is the word of God ;
 His works with truth abound ;
 He justice loves, and all the earth,
 Is with his goodness crown'd.
 By his almighty word at first,
 The heav'nly arch was rear'd ;
 And all the beauteous hosts of light
 At his command appear'd
 The swelling floods together roll'd,
 He makes in heaps to lie ;
 And lays, as in a storehouse safe,
 The wat'ry treasures by.
 Let earth and all that dwell therein,
 Before him trembling stand ;
 For, when he spake the word, 'twas made ;
 'Twas fix'd at his command,
 Our soul on God with patience waits ;
 Our help and shield is he :
 Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
 Because we trust in thee.
 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
 Do thou to us extend ;
 Since we, for all we want or wish,
 On thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 'Till all that are distrest,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
 O magnify the Lord with me;
 With me exalt his name :
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came,
 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd
 Who look'd to him for aid ;
 Desir'd success in ev'ry face
 A chearful air display'd
 Fear him ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear :
 Make you his service your delight ;
 Your wants shall be his care.
 For God preserves the souls of those
 Who on his truth depend ;
 To them and their posterity
 His blessings shall descend.

PSALM XXXVI.

O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
 Above the heav'nly orbs ascend ;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Beyond the spreading sky extend.

Thy

Thy justice like the hills remains ;
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
 Thy providence the world sustains ;
 The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy sheltering wings their refuge make
 And saints to thy protection trust.

Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
 To banquet on thy love's repast ;
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys that shall for ever last.

PSALM XXXVII.

DEPEND on God, and him obey ;
 So thou within the land shalt stay,
 Secure from danger and from want ;
 Make his commands thy chief delight,
 And he thy duty to requite,
 Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
 And he will needful help afford,
 To perfect ev'ry just design :
 He'll make, like light serene and clear,
 Thy clouded innocence appear,
 And as the mid-day sun to shine.

With quiet mind on God depend,
 And patiently for him attend ;
 Nor let thy anger fondly rise,
 Tho' wicked men with wealth abound,
 And with success their plots are crown'd,
 Which they maliciously devise.

From anger cease and wrath forsake ;
 Let no ungovern'd passion make
 Thy wav'ring heart espouse the crime ;
 For God shall sinful men destroy ;
 Whilst only they the land enjoy,
 Who trust on him, and wait his time,
 How soon shall wicked men decay !
 Their place shall vanish quite away,
 Nor by the strictest search be found ;
 Whilst humble souls possess the earth,
 Rejoicing still with godly mirth,
 With peace and plenty always crown'd.

PSALM XXXIX.

MY life, O Lord, is but a span,
 A cypher sums my years ;
 And every man, in best estate,
 But vanity appears.
 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
 With fruitless cares oppress'd ;
 He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell,
 By whom 'twill be possess'd.
 Why should I then on worthless toys,
 With anxious cares attend ?
 On thee alone my steadfast hope
 Shall ever, Lord, depend.
 Lord hear my cry, accept my tears,
 And listen to my pray'r,
 Who sojourns like a stranger here,
 As all my fathers were.

O! spare

O! spare me yet a little time;
 My wasted strength restore,
 Before I vanish quite from hence,
 And shall be seen no more.

PSALM XLI.

HAPPY the man, whose tender care
 Relieves the poor distress'd!
 When troubles compass him around,
 The Lord shall give him rest.

The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
 In safety shall prolong;
 And disappoint the will of those
 That seek to do him wrong.

If he in languishing estate,
 Oppress'd with sickness, lie;
 The Lord will easy make his bed,
 And inward strength supply.

Secure of this, to thee, my God,
 I thus my pray'r address'd:
 "Lord, for thy mercy heal my soul,
 "Tho' I have much transgress'd."

Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
 From age to age be blest;
 And all the people's glad applause,
 With loud amens express'd.

PSALM XLII.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chace;
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee
 And thy refreshing grace.

For

For thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine :
 O when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine ?

God of my strength, how long shall I,
 Like one forgotten, mourn,
 Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
 To my oppressors' scorn ?

Why restless, why cast down my soul ?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of him, who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As thou wert ever kind ;
 Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
 Thy wonted mercy find.
 Wash off my foul offence,
 And cleanse me from my sin ;
 For I confess my crime, and see
 How great my guilt has been.
 Against thee, Lord, alone,
 And only in thy sight,
 Have I transgress'd, and tho' condemn'd,
 Must own thy judgments right.
 In guilt each part was form'd,
 Of all this sinful frame ;
 In guilt I was conceiv'd and born,
 The heir of sin and shame.

Yet

Yet thou, whose searching eye
 Does inward truth require,
 In secret did'st with wisdom's laws,
 My tender soul inspire.
 My guilt of blood remove,
 My saviour and my God;
 And my glad tongue shall loudly tell
 Thy righteous acts abroad.
 The just shall then attend,
 And pleasing tribute pay;
 And sacrifice of choicest kind
 Upon thy altar lay.

PSALM LVII.

O God my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
 Its thankful tribute to present;
 And with my heart, my voice I'll raise,
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
 Awake my glory, harp, and lute,
 No longer let your strings be mute:
 And I, my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early dawn awake.
 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the list'ning nations round:
 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends;
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
 Be thou, O God exalted high;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 Let it be on earth display'd,
 Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

PSALM

PSALM LIX.

DELIVER me, O Lord, my God,
 From all my spiteful foes ;
 In my defence oppose thy pow'r
 To theirs who me oppose.

On thee I wait ; 'tis on thy strength
 For succour I depend :
 'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,
 Who only can defend.

Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft
 From dangers set me free,
 Shall crown my wishes, and subdue
 My haughty foes to me.

Whilst early I thy mercy sing,
 Thy wond'rous pow'r confess ;
 For thou hast been my sure defence,
 My refuge in distress.

To thee with never ceasing praise,
 O God, my strength, I'll sing :
 Thou art my God, the rock from whence
 My health and safety spring.

PSALM LXIII.

O God, my gracious God, to thee
 My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be ;
 For thee my thirsty soul does pant :
 My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
 Within this dry and barren place,
 Where I refreshing waters want.

O, to

O, to my longing eyes, once more
 That view of glorious pow'r restore,
 Which thy majestic house displays;
 Because to me thy wond'rous love
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.
 My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In blessing God I will employ;
 With lifted hands adore his name :
 My soul's content shall be as great
 As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.
 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind;
 And when I wake in dead of night :
 Because thou still doth succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM LXV.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
 In Sion waits thy chosen seat :
 Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
 And all our zealous vows complete.
 O thou, who to my humble pray'r
 Did'st always bend thy list'ning ear,
 To thee shall all mankind repair,
 And at thy gracious throne appear.
 Our sins, tho' numberless, in vain
 To stop thy flowing mercy try;
 Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
 And wasthest out the crimson dye.

Blest

Blest is the man, who near thee plac'd,
 Within thy sacred dwelling lives!
 Whilst we at humbler distance taste
 The vast delight thy temple gives.
 Thy goodness does the circling year
 With fresh returns of plenty crown;
 And where thy glorious paths appear,
 Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
 They drop on barren forests chang'd
 By them to pastures fresh and green:
 The hills about in order rang'd,
 In beauteous robes of joy are seen.
 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
 The cheerful downs; the valleys bring
 A plenteous crop of full ear'd corn,
 And seem for joy to shout and sing.

PSALM LXVI.

LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
 To God their voices raise;
 Sing psalms in honour of his name,
 And spread his glorious praise.
 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
 In all thy works art thou!
 To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
 Shall all be forc'd to bow.
 Thro' all the earth the nations round
 Shall thee their God confess;
 And with glad hymns, their awful dread
 Of thy great name express.

O! come

O! come, behold the works of God;
 And then with me you'll own,
 That he to all the sons of men
 Has wondrous judgments shewn.

O come all ye that fear the Lord;
 Attend with heedful care,
 Whilst I what God for me has done
 With grateful joy declare.

Then blest for ever be my God,
 Who never, when I pray,
 Withholds his mercy from my soul,
 Nor turns his face away.

PSALM LXVII.

TO blest thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline;
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wondrous way
 May thro' the world be known;
 Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
 To celebrate thy fame;
 Let all the world O Lord combine,
 To praise thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing
 With joy and pious mirth;
 For thou the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

Let

Let diff'ring nations join
 To celebrate thy fame ;
 Let all the world O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.

Then shall the teeming ground
 A large increase disclose ;
 And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
 Which God, our God, bestows.

Then God upon our land
 Shall constant blessings show'r ;
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 Of his resistless pow'r.

PSALM LXXI.

IN thee I put my stedfast trust ;
 Defend me, Lord, from shame :
 Incline thine ear and save my soul,
 For righteous is thy name.

Be thou my strong abiding place,
 To which I may resort :
 'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe ;
 Thou art my rock and fort.

From cruel and ungodly men,
 Protect and let me free ;
 For from my earliest youth 'till now,
 My hope has been in thee.

Thy tender care did safely guard
 My tender infant days :
 Thou took'st me from my mother's womb,
 To sing thy constant praise.

Then

Then I, with psaltery and harp,
 Thy truth, O Lord, will praise :
 To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
 My voice in anthems raise.

Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
 Employ my chearful voice :
 My greatful soul by thee redeem'd,
 Shall in my strength rejoice.

PSALM LXXXIV.

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place,
 Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
 The brightness of thy face !

My longing soul faints with desire
 To view thy blest abode :
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For thee, the living God.

The birds, more happy far than I,
 Around thy temple throng :
 Securely there they build, and there
 Securely hatch their young.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
 How highly blest are they !
 Who on thy temple always dwell,
 And there thy praise display !

Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
 Their sure protection made ;
 Who long to tread the sacred ways
 That to thy dwelling lead !

For

For in thy courts one single day
 'Tis better to attend.
 Than, Lord, in any place besides
 A thousand days to spend.

PSALM LXXXVI.

TO my complaint, O Lord, my God,
 Thy gracious ear incline ;
 Hear me distress'd and destitute
 Of all relief but thine.

Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
 That does thy name adore :
 Thy servant keep, and him whose trust
 Relies on thee, restore.

To me, who daily thee invoke,
 Thy mercy Lord extend ;
 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
 On thee alone depend.

Thou, Lord, art good ; not only good,
 But prompt to pardon too ;
 Of plenteous mercy to all those
 Who for thy mercy sue.

To my repeated humble pray'r,
 O Lord attentive be :
 When troubled, I on thee will call,
 For thou wilt answer me.

All shall confess thee good, and great
 The wonders thou hast done ;
 Confess thee God, the God supreme,
 Confess thee God alone.

PSALM LXXXIX.

THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song;
 My song on them shall ever dwell;
 To ages yet unborn my tongue
 Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
 Thy mercy shall for ever last;
 Thy truth, that does the heav'ns sustain,
 Like them shall stand for ever fast.

For such stupendous truth and love,
 Both heav'n and earth just praises owe,
 By choirs of angels sung above,
 And by assembled faints below.

Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
 Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
 Who may at festivals appear,
 With thy most glorious presence crown'd!

PSALM XCII.

HOW good and pleasant must it be
 To thank the Lord most high;
 And with repeated hymns of praise,
 His name to magnify.

With ev'ry morning's early dawn
 His goodness to relate!
 And of his constant truth, each night
 The glad effects repeat.

To ten string'd instruments we'll sing,
 With tuneful psalt'ries join'd;
 And to the harp with solemn sounds,
 For sacred use design'd.

For thro' thy wond'rous works O Lord,
 Thou mak'st my heart rejoice :
 The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
 And shout with chearful voice.

PSALM XCIII.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundation strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne !
 Which shall no change or period see ;
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high ;
 But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
 And they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCIV.

BLEST is the man, whom thou, O Lord
 In kindness does chastise ;
 And by thy sacred rules to walk
 Doth lovingly advise.

This man shall rest and safety find
 In seasons of distress,
 Whilst God prepares a pit for those
 That stubbornly transgress.

For God will never from his saints
 His favour wholly take :
 His own possession and his lot
 He will not quite forsake.

The world shall then confess thee just
 In all that thou hast done :
 And those that chuse thy upright ways,
 Shall in these paths go on.

PSALM XCV.

O Come loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King :
 For we our voices high shall raise,
 When our salvation's rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,
 To thank him for his favours past :
 To him address, in joyful songs,
 The praise that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord enthron'd in state,
 Is with unrivall'd glory great :
 A King superior far to all,
 Whom Gods the heathen falsely call.

The depths of earth are in his hand,
 Her secret wealth at his command ;
 The strength of hills that reach the skies,
 Subjected to his empire lies.

O let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there ;
 Down on our knees devoutly all
 Before the Lord our Maker fall.

PSALM

PSALM XCVIII.

WITH harps and hymns, soft melody
 Into the concert bring,
 The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
 Before th' Almighty King.
 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
 With all the seas contain;
 The earth, with her inhabitants
 Join concert with the main.
 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams;
 To spreading torrents they;
 And echoing vales from hill to hill,
 Redoubl'd shouts convey;
 To welcome down the World's great Judge,
 Who does with justice come,
 And with impartial equity,
 Both to reward and doom.
 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
 Their chearful voices raise,
 And all with universal joy
 Resound their Maker's praise.

PSALM C. (o. v.)

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with chearful voice;
 Him serve with fear his praise forth tell,
 Come ye before him and rejoice.
 The Lord ye know is God indeed,
 Without our aid he did us make:
 We are his flock, he doth us feed,
 And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter

O enter then his gates with praise,
 Approach with joy his courts unto;
 Praise, laud and bless his name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

For why: the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM CIII.

MY soul inspir'd with sacred love,
 Gods holy name for ever bless;
 Of all his favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.

The Lord abounds with tender love,
 And unexampled acts of grace:
 His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
 His willing mercy flies apace.

As high as heav'n its arch extends,
 Above this little spot of clay:
 So much his boundless love transcends
 The small respects as we can pay.

Ye that his just commands obey,
 And hear and do his sacred will;
 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
 Who still what he ordains fulfil.

Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
 The mighty Lord: and thou my heart,
 With greatful joy thy thanks express,
 And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM

PSALM CIV.

MY soul praise the Lord;
 Rejoice in his name:
 O Lord, let my voice
 Thy greatness proclaim.
 Surpassing in glory,
 Dominion and might,
 Thy throne is the heaven,
 Thy robe is the light.
 All creatures are thine;
 Thou dost them relieve:
 They gather the stores,
 Thy bounty doth give.
 To each in due season
 Thou sendest their food:
 When thou thy hand open'st
 They're filled with good.
 Thy will and thy word
 Endues them with breath;
 Consum'd by thy blast
 They shrink into death:
 Restor'd at thy pleasure
 New beings repair
 To people the water,
 The earth, and the air.
 Thus, Lord, let me sing,
 Thy glory to raise:
 Delightful the strain,
 When tun'd to thy praise.
 The vile have there suff'rings;
 The just their reward.
 Bless God, O my spirit;
 O praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CV.

O Render thanks, and bless the Lord,
 Invoke his sacred name ;
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns
 His wond'rous works rehearse ;
 Make them the theme of your discourse,
 The subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his almighty name,
 Alone to be ador'd ;
 And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
 That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
 Devoutly still implore ;
 And where he's ever present, seek
 His face for evermore,

PSALM CVI.

O Render thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love ;
 Whose mercy firm, thro' ages past
 Has stood and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
 Not only vast, but numberless ?
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise ?

Happy are they, and only they,
 Who from thy judgments never stray ;
 Who know what's right ; not only so,
 But always practice what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford :
 When thou return'st to set them free,
 Let thy salvation visit me.

Let Israel's God be ever blest,
 His name eternally confess'd :
 Let all his saints, with full accord,
 Song loud Amens—praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII.

TO God your greatful voices raise,
 Who does your daily patron prove :
 And let your never-ceasing praise
 Attend on his eternal love.

For he from heav'n, the sad estate
 Of longing souls with pity views :
 The hungry souls that pant for meat,
 His goodness daily food renews.

He all their sad distempers heals ;
 His word both health and safety gives :
 And when all human succour fails,
 From near destruction them retrieves.

O then that all the earth with me
 Would God for this his goodness praise,
 And for the mighty works which he
 Throughout the wond'ring world displays,

PSALM CVIII.

O God my heart is fully bent
 To magnify thy name ;
 My tongue with chearful songs of praise,
 Shall celebrate thy fame.

Awake

Awake my lute ; nor thou my harp,
 Thy warbling notes delay ;
 Whilst I with early hymns of joy,
 Present the dawning day.

To all the lift'ning tribes, O Lord,
 Thy wonders I will tell ;
 And to those nations sing thy praise,
 That round about us dwell.

Because thy mercy's boundless height
 The highest heav'n transcends ;
 And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
 Thy faithful truth extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high
 Above the starry frame ;
 And let the world, with one consent,
 Confess thy glorious name.

That all thy chosen people, thee
 Their Saviour may declare ;
 Let thy right hand protect me still,
 And answer thou my pray'r.

PSALM CXI.

PRAISE ye the Lord ; our God to praise
 My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise ;
 With private friends, and in the throng
 Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
 His works for greatness tho' renown'd,
 His wond'rous works with ease are found
 By those who seek for them aright,
 And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
 And universal glory claim :
 His truth, confirm'd for ages past,
 Shall to eternal ages last.

By precepts he has us enjoin'd,
 To keep his wond'rous works in mind ;
 And to posterity record,
 That good and gracious is our Lord.
 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
 Must with the fear of God begin ;
 Immortal praise and heav'nly skill
 Have they who know and do his will.

PSALM CXII. *Hallelujah.*

THAT man is blest'd who stands in awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
 And with successive honours crown'd.
 His house, the seat of health, shall be
 An inexhausted treasury ;
 His justice, free from all decay,
 Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
 Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
 To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
 As well as just to all mankind.
 His lib'ral favours he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends ;
 Yet what his charity impairs,
 He saves by prudence in affairs.

Beſet

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground :
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

PSALM CXVI. *For Thanksgiving.*

HOW just and merciful is God !
How gracious is the Lord !
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.
Then free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest :
For God has wond'rously to thee
His bounteous love express'd.
When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
My dangers and my fears :
My feet from falling, he secur'd,
And dry'd my eyes from tears.
Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to his name,
And in his service spend.
Then what return to him shall I
For all his goodness make ?
I'll praise his name, and with glad zeal
The cup of blessing take.

PSALM CXVIII.

THIS day is God's ; let all the land
Exalt their chearful voice :
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.

Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
 I'll praise thy holy name :
 Because thou only art my God,
 I'll celebrate thy fame.

O then, with me, give thanks to God,
 Who still does gracious prove ;
 And let the tribute of our praise
 Be endless as his love.

O praise the Lord, for he is good ;
 His mercies ne'er decay :
 That his kind favours ever last,
 Let thankful Israel say.

PSALM CXIX. (PART I.)

HOW blest are they who always keep
 The pure and perfect way :
 Who never from the sacred paths
 Of God's commandments stray.

How blest, who to his righteous laws
 Have still obedient been ;
 And have with fervent humble zeal
 His favours fought to win.

Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
 To learn thy sacred will ;
 And all our diligence employ
 Thy statutes to fulfil.

O then, that thy most holy will
 Might o'er my ways preside ;
 And I the course of all my life
 By thy direction guide.

Then

Then with assurance should I walk,
 From all confusion free ;
 Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
 With thy commands agree.

PSALM CXIX. (PART II.)

THE wonders which thy laws contain,
 No words can represent ;
 Therefore to learn and practise them,
 My zealous heart is bent.
 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
 Who thy relief implore ;
 As thou art wont to visit those,
 Who thy blest name adore.
 Eternal and unerring rules
 Thy testimonies give :
 Teach me the wisdom that will make
 My soul for ever live.

PSALM CXXI.

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
 From thence expecting aid ;
 From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
 Who heav'n and earth has made.
 Then thou, my Soul, in safety rest,
 Thy gaurdian will not sleep :
 His watchful care, that Israel guards,
 Will Israel's Monarch keep.
 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
 Thou shalt securely rest ;
 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
 By day or night molest.

From common accidents of life
 His care shall guard thee still:
 From the blind strokes of chance, or foes
 That lie in wait to kill.

At home, abroad—in peace, in war,
 Thy God shall thee defend;
 Conduct thee thro' life's pilgrimage,
 Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXX.

FROM lowest depths of woe
 To God I send my cry:
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 And graciously reply.

My soul with patience waits
 For thee, the living Lord:
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing word.

My longing eyes look out
 For thy enliv'ning ray,
 More duly than the morning watch,
 To spy the dawning day.

Let Israel trust in God;
 No bounds his mercy knows;
 The plenteous source and spring from whence
 Eternal succour flows.

Whose friendly streams to us,
 Supplies in want convey:
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
 And wash our guilt away.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXVI. (o. v.)

PRAISE ye the Lord, for he is good ;
 For his mercy endureth for ever.
 Give praise unto the God of Gods ;
 For his mercy, &c.
 Give praise unto the Lord of Lords ;
 For his mercy, &c.
 Who only doth great wondrous works ;
 For his mercy, &c.
 Who by his wisdom made the heav'ns ;
 For his mercy, &c.
 Who on the waters stretch'd the earth ;
 For his mercy, &c.
 Who made great lights to shine abroad ;
 For his mercy, &c.
 The sun to rule the lightfome day ;
 For his mercy, &c.
 The moon and stars to rule the night ;
 For his mercy, &c.
 Give thanks unto the Lord of Lords ;
 For his mercy endureth for ever.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
 Thy praise will I proclaim :
 Before the Gods, with joy I'll sing,
 And bleſs thy holy name.
 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
 And with thy love inspir'd,
 The praises of thy truth repeat
 O'er all thy works admir'd.

Thou

Thou graciously inclin'st thine ear,
 When I to thee did cry;
 And when my soul was press'd with fear,
 Did'st inward strength supply.

Therefore shall ev'ry earthly prince
 Thy name with praise pursue;
 Whom these admir'd events convince
 That all thy works are true.

They all thy wondrous ways, O Lord,
 With chearful songs shall bless;
 And all thy glorious acts record,
 Thy awful pow'r confess.

The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
 Shall fix my happy state;
 And mindful of his favours past,
 Shall his own works complete.

PSALM CXXXIX.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down:
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.
 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts and private ways:
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
 My yet unutter'd words intent.
 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand;
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
 O skill, for human reach too high,
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye.

O could

O could I so perfidious be,
 To think of once deserting thee:
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
 Or whither from thy presence run?
 O should I try to shun thy sight
 Beneath the sable wings of night?
 One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.
 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came,
 A work of such a curious frame:
 The wonders thou in me hast shown,
 My soul with grateful joy must own.

PSALM CXLV.

THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
 Thy endless praise proclaim:
 This tribute daily I will bring.
 And ever bless thy name.
 Thou, Lord, beyond compare, art great,
 And highly to be prais'd:
 Thy majesty, with boundless height,
 Above our knowledge rais'd.
 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
 To future time extends:
 From age to age, thy glorious name
 Successively descends.
 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
 And wond'rous works express,
 The world with me thy might shall own,
 And thy great pow'r confess.

The

The praise that to thy love belongs,
 They shall with joy proclaim :
 Thy truth of all their grateful songs
 Shall be the constant theme.

PSALM CXLVI.

O Praise the Lord, and thou, my soul,
 For ever bless his name :
 His wondrous love, while life shall last,
 My constant praise shall claim.
 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
 For his Protector takes ;
 Who still, with well plac'd hope, the Lord
 His constant refuge makes.
 The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
 And all that they contain,
 Will never quit his steadfast truth,
 Nor make his promise vain.
 The God who does in Sion dwell,
 Is our eternal King :
 From age to age his reign endures :
 Let all his praises sing.

PSALM CXLVII.

O Praise the Lord, with hymns of joy,
 And celebrate his fame !
 For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis,
 To praise his holy name.
 His holy city God will build,
 Tho' levell'd with the ground ;
 Bring back his people, tho' dispers'd,
 Through all the nations round.

He

He kindly heals the broken hearts,
 And all their wounds doth close:
 He tells the number of the stars,
 Ther sev'ral names he knows.

Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r,
 His wisdom has no bound;
 The meek he raises, and throws down
 The wicked to the ground.

To God the Lord, a hymn of praise,
 With grateful voices sing;
 To songs of triumph tune the harp,
 And strike each warbling string.

PSALM CXLVIII.

YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame:
 His praise your song employ,
 Above the starry frame:

Your voices raise,
 Ye cherubim
 And seraphim,
 To sing his praise.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
 And sun that guid'st the day;
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To him your homage pay:
 His praise declare,
 Ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.

Let

Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came,
 And all shall last,
 From changes free :
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.

His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high,
 And favours Israel's race,
 Who still to him are nigh :
 O therefore raise
 Your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice,
 The Lord to praise.

PSALM CXLIX.

O Praise ye the Lord,
 Prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing :
 In our great Creator
 Let Isr'el rejoice ;
 And children of Sion
 Be glad in their King.
 Let them his great name
 Extol in the dance ;
 With timbrel and harp,
 His praises express ;
 Who always takes pleasure
 His saints to advance,
 And with his salvation
 The humble to bless.

With glory adorn'd,
 His people shall sing
 To God who their beds
 With safety does shield:
 Their mouths fill'd with praises
 Of him, their great King;
 Whil'st a two-edged sword
 Their right hand shall wield.
 Thus they shall make good,
 When them they destroy,
 The dreadful decree,
 Which God does proclaim:
 Such honour and triumph
 His saints shall enjoy;
 O therefore for ever
 Exalt his great name.

PSALM CL.

O Praise the Lord, in that blest place,
 From whence his goodness largely flows:
 Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shews.
 Praise him for all the noble acts,
 Which he in our behalf has done:
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.
 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
 Make rocks and hills his praise rebound:
 Praise him with harps' melodious noise,
 And gentle psalt'rys' silver sound.

Let

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 And gentle psalt'rys' silver sound.

Let

E

Let them who joyful hymns compose,
 To cymbals set their songs of praise;
 Cymbals of common use and those
 That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he does to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ:
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.



HYMNS.

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

AT this unwonted hour behold !
What strikes my wand'ring soul with fea
How all yon east is streak'd with gold,
As if the opening morn was near.

I mark it now ! the streams unite,
One pillar now of moving light :
My soul it shakes, it sinks, it dies ;
See thro' the air the vision flies !

Heav'n shield us ; lo ! 'tis just at hand ;
Some strange event impends :
O'er head direct, it seems to stand,
And now the blaze descends,

Ye shepherds, all your fears resign,
I come not arm'd with wrath divine,
But fraught with heav'nly love :
The news, the welcome news I bring,
Sounds loud from ev'ry sacred string,
Through all yon realms above.

Glory

Glory to God, in strains 'till now unknown,
 From ev'ry glowing seraph round the throne ;
 Peace to the globe : all worlds admire the plan
 Of heav'n's free, vast benevolence to man.

I come and 'tis a blest employ ;
 I come the messenger of joy :

Go publish what I sing :

Earth is no more a scene forlorn,
 This night th' promis'd Christ is born
 Your Saviour and your King !

At Bethle'm, in a manger lies the swaddling babe ;
 Let raptures rise round this terrestrial ball :
 The raptures catch from heart to heart,
 'Till all shall feel, 'till all impart ;
 For Christ was born for all !

HYMN II.

LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
 Salute the happy morn ;
 Each heav'nly pow'r
 Proclaims the glad hour,
 Lo ! Jesus the Saviour is born.
 All glory be to God on high ;
 To him all praise is due :
 The promise is seal'd,
 The Saviour's reveal'd,
 And proves that the record is true.
 Let joy around like rivers flow,
 Flow on, and still increase ;
 Spread o'er the glad earth,
 At Jesus's birth,
 For heav'n and earth are at peace.

Now

Now the good-will of heav'n is shewn

Tow'rds Adam's helpless race ;

Messiah is come

To ransom his own,

To save them by infinite grace.

Then let us join the heav'ns above,

Where saints and angels sing,

Join all the glad pow'rs,

For their Lord and our's,

Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

HYMN III.

HARK, the herald angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King ;

" Peace on earth, and mercy mild,

" God and sinners reconcil'd."

Joyful, all ye nations rise,

Join the triumph of the skies :

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,

Hail the sun of righteousness !

Mild he lays his glory by,

Born, that men no more might die ;

Born, to raise the sons of earth,

Born, to give them second birth.

Come, desire of nations, come,

Fix on us thy humble home ;

Rise the women's promis'd seed,

Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Glory to the new-born King,

Let us all the anthem sing,

" Peace on earth, and mercy

" God and sinners reconcil'd

HYMN IV.

UNTO us a child is born,
 Unto us a son is giv'n ;
 And the government shall be upon his shoulder :
Hallelujah, &c.

Unto us a child is born,
 Unto us a son is giv'n ;
 And his name shall be call'd Wonderful
 Counsellor, the mighty God,
 The everlasting Father,
 The Prince of Peace. *Hall.*

Of the increase of his government and peace
 There shall be no end,
 Upon the throne of David,
 And upon his kingdom,
 To order it,
 And to establish it with judgment and justice,
 From henceforth, ev'n for ever.
 The zeal of the Lord of Hosts
 Will perform this. *Hall.*

HYMN V.

HE dies, the friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around,
 A solemn darkness veils the skies !
 sudden trembling shakes the ground !
 , faints, and drop a tear or two,
 who groan'd beneath your load ;
 housand drops for you,
 drops of richer blood.

Here's

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of Glory dies for men!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see,
 Jesus the dead revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb,
 Up to his Father's court he flies;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns,
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, Death, in chains!

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting,
 "And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

HYMN VI.

JESUS Christ is ris'n to day. Hallelujah!
 Our triumphant holiday; Hall.
 Who so lately on the cross, Hall.
 Suffer'd to redeem our loss. Hall.
 Hymns of praises let us sing, Hall.
 Unto Christ, our heav'nly King; Hall.
 Who endur'd both cross and grave, Hall.
 Sinners to redeem and save. Hall.
 But the pains which he endur'd, Hall.
 Our salvation has procur'd; Hall.
 Now he reigns above the sky, Hall.
 Where the angels ever cry, Hall.

HYMN

HYMN VII.

IF Angels sung a Saviour's birth,
 On that auspicious morn,
 We well may imitate their mirth,
 Now he again is born.
 He frail mortality shook off,
 Puts incorruption on;
 And he that late was crown'd with scoff,
 Now fills the eternal throne.
 Grieve not, vain man, who mortal art,
 That thou to earth must fall;
 It was his portion, 'twas the part,
 Of him that sav'd us all.
 Himself he humbl'd to the grave,
 Made flesh, like us, to shew
 That we as certainly should have
 A resurrection too.
 Let heav'n and earth, in contract join'd,
 His boundless mercies sing;
 E'en hell does now a conqu'ror find,
 And death has lost his sting.

HYMN VIII.

BEYOND the glitt'ring starry sky,
 Far as th' eternal hills;
 There in the boundless worlds of light,
 Our dear Redeemer dwells.
 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
 In countless armies shine:
 At his right hand, with golden harps,
 They offer songs divine.

They

They brought his chariot from above,
 To bear him to his throne;
 Clapt their triumphant wings, and cry'd,
 The glorious work is done.

HYMN IX.

EXALTED high at God's right hand,
 Nearer the throne than cherubs stand;
 With glory crown'd, in white array,
 My wond'ring soul says, who are they?
 These are the saints belov'd of God,
 Wash'd are their robes in Jesu's blood:
 More spotless than the purest white,
 They shine in uncreated light.
 Amen they cry to him alone,
 Who dares to fill his father's throne;
 They give him glory, and again
 Repeat his praise, and say Amen.

HYMN X.

COME let us join our chearful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus:
 Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
 For he was slain for us.
 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and pow'r divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XI.

SING to the Lord a joyful song,
 Let all in one assembl'd throng,
 The Great Jehovah's praise resound :
 Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
 From day to day his praise proclaim,
 Who us hath with salvation crown'd;
 To all the world his praise rehearse,
 His wonders to the universe.

Proclaim aloud Jehovah reigns,
 Whose pow'r his glorious work sustains,
 Till time and death shall be no more :
 Let heav'n its sacred joys confess,
 And heav'nly mirth let earth express;
 His loud applaude let ocean roar,
 Thro' all his num'rous isles rejoice,
 And for his triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile valleys sing,
 The chearful groves their tribute bring;
 The hills, the plains, all nature wake,
 The Lord's approach to celebrate;
 Who now appears in awful state,
 His progress thro' the earth to make :
 From thee we live, to thee we call,
 Hail, bounteous, gracious, Lord of all !

HYMN

HYMN XII.

JESUS is our great salvation,
 Worthy of our best esteem ;
 He has sav'd his favourite nation,
 Join to sing aloud to him ;
 He has sav'd us,
 Christ alone could us redeem.

When involv'd in sin and ruin,
 And no helper there was found ;
 Jesus our distress was viewing,
 Grace did more than sin abound :
 He has call'd us,
 With salvation in the found.

Save us from a mere profession,
 Save us from hypocrisy ;
 Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
 Of thy righteousness and thee :
 Best of favours,
 None compar'd with this can be.

Let us never, Lord, forget thee,
 Make us walk as pilgrims here,
 We will give thee all the glory
 Of the love that brought us near :
 Bid us praise thee,
 And rejoice with holy fear.

HYMN XIII.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high !

Hide

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past:
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 All in all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

HYMN XIV.

AND is the gospel peace and love?
 Such let our conversation be;
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.

O how benevolent and kind !
 How mild, how ready to forgive !
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.

To do his heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight :
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone thro' his life divinely bright !

Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labours of his life were love :
 O, if we love the Saviour's name,
 Let his divine example move.

But ah, how blind, how weak we are,
 How frail, how apt to turn aside :
 Lord, we depend upon thy care,
 And ask thy spirit for our guide.

Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be ;
 Make us by thy transforming grace,
 Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN XV.

THE Lord is come ; the heav'ns proclaim
 His birth ; the nations learn his name :
 An unknown star directs the road
 Of Eastern sages to their God.

All

All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Saviour lies :
Angels and kings before him bow ;
Those gods on high and gods below.

Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound ;
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

HYMN XVI.

OUR Lord his risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
“ Ye everlasting doors give way !”

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.

“ Who is the King of Glory, who ?”
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
“ Lift up your heads ye heavenly gates !
“ Ye everlasting doors give way !”

“ Who

“ Who is the King of Glory, who ?”
 The Lord of boundless power posselt,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest!

HYMN XVII.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and he destroy.
 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
 Wide as the world is thy command;
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN XVIII.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
 Eternal truth attends thy word:
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN XIX.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious Day of Grace :
 Blessed jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtain'd on Calvary ;
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.
 May the glorious day approaching,
 From eternal darkness dawn,
 And the everlasting gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy name ;
 All the borders
 Of the great Immanuel's land.
 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting wide dominions,
 Multiply and still increase ;
 Sway the sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

HYMN

HYMN XX.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
 Mercy and truth are all his ways;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of Lords renown,
 The King of Kings with glory crown;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When Lords and Kings are known no more.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fix'd the starry lights on high:
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night:
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When suns and moons shall shine no more.

The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
 And brought them to the promis'd land:
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
 And felt his pity work within:
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When death and sin shall reign no more.

He sent his Son with pow'r to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat ;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no more.

HYMN XXI.

HAIL reviv'd, reviving spring,
 Fair type of heav'ns eternal year ;
 While nature's works thy praises sing,
 Lo, gratitude salutes thee here.

Swell, gently swell the solemn song,
 Now pour the bounding notes along.

Teach choirs below to choirs above,
 To echo back the common lay ;
 And as they praise unbounded love,
 To join in bounty's holiday.

To God, the universal King,
 Be sacred every grateful choir ;
 In endless hymns of praises sing,
 That endless bounty can inspire.

HYMN XXII.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys ;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost,
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redress'd,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

Unnum-

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul,
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran ;
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me on to man.

When worn by sickness oft hast thou,
 With health renew'd my face ;
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 Thy glorious theme renew.

Thro' all eternity to thee,
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 And oh ! eternity's too short,
 To utter all thy praise.

HYMN XXIII.

GLORY to thee, my God this night,
 For all the blessings of the light :
 Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
 Under thine almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself and thee,
 I, e'er I rest, at peace may be.

Teach

Teach me to live, that I may dread,
 The grave as little as my bed :
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 With joy behold the judgment-day.

O, may my soul on thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep my eye-lids close :
 Sleep, that may me more active make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him here on earth below ;
 Praise him all ye evangelic host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN XXIV.

GREAT God! with wonder and with praise,
 On all thy works I look ;
 But still thy wisdom pow'r and grace,
 Shine brighter in thy book.

The stars that in their courses roll,
 Have much instruction giv'n ;
 But thy good word informs my soul
 How I may soar to heav'n.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
 Here my best comfort lies ;
 Here my desires are satisfied,
 And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,
 Shew what my faults have been ;
 And from thy gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.

Then

Then let me love my Bible more,
 And take a fresh delight ;
 By days to read these wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.

HYMN XXV.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying ;
 O the pain, the bliss of dying.

Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life :
 Hark ! they whisper, angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight ?
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes, it disappears,
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ; my ears,
 With sounds seraphic ring :

Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly !
 O grave, where is thy victory ?
 O death, where is thy sting ?

HYMN XXVI.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landskip flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread ;
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
 Tho' devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile ;
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN XXVII.

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Congregation.

NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
 A chearful anthem to his praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above :
 Let music sweet as incense rise,
 With grateful odors to the skies,
 The work of joy and love.

Children.

Teach us to bow before thy face ;
 Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
 Or slight thy providence ;

When

When lost in ignorance we lay,
To vice and death an easy prey,
Thy goodness snatch'd us thence.

Congregation.

O what a num'rous race we see,
In ignorance and misery,
Unprincip'l'd, untaught.
Shall they continue still to lie
In ignorance and misery?
We cannot bear the thought.

Children.

Give, Lord, each liberal soul to prove
The joys of thine exhaustless love;
And while thy praise we sing,
May we the sacred Scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow,
That earth and heaven may ring.

Congregation.

We feel a sympathising heart,
Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart,
To thee thine own we give:
Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,
O let these children live to thee,
O let these children live.

H Y M N XXVIII.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heav'nly manna fall.

Mercy

Mercy descending from above,
 In softest accents pleads;
 O may each tender bosom move
 When mercy intercedes.

Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
 To guide untutor'd youth,
 And lead the mind that went astray
 To virtue and to truth.

Children our kind protection claim,
 And God will well approve,
 When infants learn to lip his name,
 And their Creator love.

Delightful work ! young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the disceitful paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.

Almighty God ! thy influence shed,
 To aid this good design :
 The honours of thy name be spread,
 And all the glory thine.

HYMN XXIX.

To Harmony.

HAIL heav'n-born art ! to thee we owe
 Celestial pleasures here below :
 Thy lays seraphic bands employ,
 And mortals taste of angels joy.
 Let all who know thy sacred lays,
 Sublimely sing Jehovah's praise ;
 Anticipate the bliss above,
 And all their theme be Jesu's love.

FINIS.



